

SOHEIL NAJM

A Poem at 50 Degrees Celsius

is naked at the beginning of the alley.
No trees to shade,
no walls.
Nobody to take care of her
but the sun
and a man with a hat on his head
who we saw from behind the windows
write her bright letters
on the sidewalk.
His hands are of flame, leaning back
over the sea with no shirt
as its waves carry dry gulls.
ay ay ay ya
He called her the green Baghdad
and the sun covered her
with its crimson tails.
ay ay ay ya
Born by caesarean
looking at the poet
with eyes of embers
and a mouth wet with hope.